

The Times-Dispatch

Published every day in the year by
The Times-Dispatch Publishing Co., Inc.
THE TIMES, Founded.....1858
THE DISPATCH, Founded.....1850
Address all communications
THE TIMES-DISPATCH,
Telephone, Randolph 1.
Publication Office.....10 S. Tenth Street
Richmond, Va. 23204
Petersburg.....109 N. Sycamore Street
Lynchburg.....218 Eighth Street

HASHBROOK, STORY & BROOKS, INC.
Special Advertising Representatives.
New York.....200 Fifth Avenue
Philadelphia.....Mutual Life Building
Chicago.....People's Gas Building

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
BY MAIL PAID. Year. Six. Three. One.
Daily and Sunday.....\$8.00 \$3.00 \$1.50 .75
Daily only.....4.00 2.00 1.00 .50
Sunday only.....2.00 1.00 .50 .25

By Times-Dispatch Carrier Delivery Service in Richmond (and suburbs) and Petersburg:
Daily with Sunday, one week.....10 cents
Daily without Sunday, one week.....10 cents
Sunday only.....5 cents

Entered January 27, 1905, at Richmond, Va., as second-class matter under act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

RICHMOND, VA., JULY 22, 1914.

Keep in touch with home news during vacation by reading The Times-Dispatch

The New Haven's Mellen crop has all run to seed.

A Deplorable Case.

IT is shocking to the American sense of propriety that a direct descendant of President Van Buren should die "from natural causes superinduced by starvation." Not because of her ancestry, but because it should be possible in this rich country for anybody to meet such a fate. Society has a long way to go before such deplorable occurrences will be rendered impossible. But clear heads and stout hearts are slowly traversing the road.

If Marne Henry Were President?

If "Marne Henry" had been at the helm at Washington, we would be now in Mexico City cleaning up Mexico as we cleaned up Cuba.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

THEN the country should thank Heaven, not only that Champ Clark did not get what he wanted at Baltimore, but that "Marne Henry" didn't want it. However, we think Colonel Waterston overstates his ability to surmount difficulties. We think that if he had sent our army into Mexico, we would not now be cleaning up that country as we cleaned up Cuba. We would be shooting Mexicans and being shot by Mexicans, and the cleaning up process would be yet some time in the future. Mexico is not Cuba, nor are the conditions the same, and the attempt to find an analogy strikes us as bordering on the ridiculous.

If Huerta would admit that his administration was a failure, it would be unambiguous.

Scandalous, but Amusing.

IN Indiana, which has produced so many authors and ex-Senator Beveridge, the Legislature is to be asked to repeal a bill that never passed. The bill is known to a select circle as the "Lake County Recorder's Salary Increase Bill." The State Supreme Court has held it to be law because it bears the signatures of the Governor, Lieutenant-Governor and Speaker of the House. Neither Assembly nor Senate ever passed it and Governor Ralston earnestly desires to send to the penitentiary the genius who caused the bill to come before him for signature on the ground that it had passed both the upper and lower houses.

We are free to confess that this is an extremely shocking episode. Its possibilities are as menacing as they are wide. If such things can happen, a Governor may some day sign a bill legislating himself out of office, or something else equally frightful. By all means, let the miscreant be apprehended and beheaded—after he has been forced to tell an anxious public just how the trick was turned.

It appears that both the Usterites and the Nationalists want to be tyrannized.

Schuylkill Valley Wails.

VERY pitious indeed is the wail which the manufacturers of Montgomery County, Pa., have sent to President Wilson. They do not say that the country is going to the dogs, but that it has already arrived at the denouement how-woos. With evidence piling fast upon evidence in their own State that bountiful good times are at hand, they cannot restrain themselves from a torrent of tears. These gentlemen probably belong to that grand old school of hard-shell Pennsylvania Republicanism, compared to which Tammany Hall is a kindergarten. These gentlemen have been so accustomed to tariff pay by the ladle that it irks them sore that now they must get out and hustle for business. Naturally, they are "in right" of the good old days when "the right" of a return in Pennsylvania was a quick road to wealth contributed by the millions of Americans that have to work for a living.

They see that Senator Penrose, of the Old Guard, is lifting his head high and baying the moon. And they propose to add their lachrymose howl. They are wasting their time. The country is becoming increasingly busy every day. The calamity howler, epistolary or other, has had his day. The Schuylkill Valley's grob of woe was probably calamity's swan song. At least, it should be.

The increase in the price of diamonds will give T. R. and the other calamity howlers material for another blazing diatribe against the Democratic administration.

An Exaggerated Hope.

THE KANSAS CITY STAR, sane as a rule, believes the horse is destined to "come back" whether as a show animal, gaily exhibiting his paces in front of a sulky on the turnpike, or as a draft animal, bred to weight and endurance and being sold to establishments that need traction.

In spite of the quick and phenomenal evolution of the motor, we haven't yet quite shed the horse. He is due for several years' existence, in whatever role he is cast, pleasure and ornamental, or beast of burden.

But the prevailing means of locomotion along the public highway will henceforth and, likely, forever be the self-propelled vehicle. This holds, whether the racing car, the utility car or the motor truck, meant for heavy usage and wear and tear.

The trouble is, so far as the horse is concerned, that science has taken hold of the subject and proved that the horse-driven vehicle is not in the motor-driven vehicle, so far as costs go. It must be understood that in this bustling age of commerce, it is not sentiment or slightness that count, but stern economies. And economies prove that the cheapest tractable power, where the average firm is concerned, is not the horse nor the mule, but the motor.

After economic necessity enters the game, the horse and the mule begin to edge toward the door. Of course, both of these beasts of burden will last for a while longer. There are tasks for which the motor has not yet been fitted. For these the horse and the mule still will contest. And there are enough of these tasks to take up the output of the rest of the stock farms that still do business in this country. But so quickly does demand develop, and the business of the country take on larger proportions, that it is probable that for each new

use found for the horse or the mule, two or three new uses will be found for the motor.

Of course, it is not exactly poetic to think of faithful Dobbin and the no less faithful mule being relegated. One would like to think that they still live on in actual practicality, as they do in song and story. But the hurrying, scurrying trend of things as they exist points the doom of animal power. Mechanical power has the call nowadays. It will not oust the animal while you wait. But the tendency is all in that direction. The man who fails to see this has failed to keep his eyes peeled.

Ban Johnson's watchful waiting policy has no terrors for the baseball Federals.

Millage System for Schools.

RIVALRY between the State normal schools for appropriations for their support has been eliminated in a large measure by the creation of the State Normal School Board. Similar rivalry between the elementary schools and the high schools and between the public schools and higher institutions of learning can be eliminated by setting aside a fixed percentage of the State's income for the public schools and ending the practice of making appropriations every two years to eke out the present income.

Not only would this rivalry between the two branches of our educational system be ended—and that in itself is a consummation of the greatest importance—but the plan would insure a fixed sum for the support of the public schools and enable the State and local school boards to plan for the future without thought of what the Legislature might, or might not, do. It would remove the menace of politics. It would end the biennial struggle for funds. It would place the public school system on a sound foundation, and if the millage tax be made large enough, would wipe out the disgrace of five months' schools.

From State funds in 1912, the public schools received \$1,869,697, of which \$1,157,238 was from school and capitation taxes, \$383,258 from interest on the literary fund and \$369,000 from appropriations by the Legislature. The tax rate is 10 cents on the \$100. If the tax rate were changed to 15 cents on the \$100, appropriations could be dispensed with without lessening the income. If it were changed to 17 cents, the income would be increased. The Constitution allows 50 cents on the \$100 as the maximum.

It is needless to elaborate on the advantages of the millage system, or upon the disadvantages of a system which involves biennial appropriations. Ten of the members of the commission are members of the General Assembly, and they, better than any others, know of the evils engendered between the higher institutions and the public schools. As the system is based on what the appropriate system shall be. As students of affairs, they know the value of knowing what the next year's income is likely to be. As students of taxation, they know the advantage of a simple system over a hybrid system of collecting an income.

The commission has ended its public hearings, but it has not yet formulated its report. When it begins that work it can do no better than to consider this matter carefully. After considering it carefully, there is no doubt in our mind that its members will dispose of a system which wastes the time of the General Assembly, injures the public schools, injures the colleges and works to the detriment of the State.

Wish the new Mex. Pres. would say officially whether his name is spelled with a "B" or, as Mr. Weller would say, with a "we."

Not Business Men Only.

FRANK A. VANDERLIP, president of the National City Bank of New York, recently delivered a remarkable address to the New Jersey Chamber of Commerce, in which he urged that the cure for many of our political ills was a more intelligent attitude toward politics on the part of the average business man. Mr. Vanderlip struck one, but only one, of the reforms needed to give sanity to the public affairs of our day.

Proverbially, the average business man is a poor student of politics. He is a better one now than he was ten years ago, but even today he is not nearly so well informed as he should be. He is a fairly easy mark for the demagogue who comes preaching some specious promise, in which the business man is interested. But he has not yet quite learned the lesson that he must weigh and analyze political promises and propositions even more scrupulously than those made by a business competitor. It will be an excellent thing to rouse the business men of the country to the understanding of their stake in politics, to their power, to ways of detecting the demagogue and to the need of voting independently where the interests of the nation demand it. But after all this shall have been done, efforts toward sanity in politics will go for nothing unless the great mass of voters, clerks, laborers, farmers, and the remainder are educated along with the business men. The business man in America does not always decide national elections. That power is more apt to accrue to the rural population and to the working population in cities.

So that, however excellent the propaganda of Mr. Vanderlip, it must go farther afield. It must comprehend all voting classes, and it must be directed to one part of America. The belief that one class alone can control politics is a mistaken one and apt to produce disappointment. Let the business man be as sane as ever he will, and his poise and influence can easily be nullified by an electorate stamped by the demagogue and the selfish and reckless politician.

"The prettiest girl in the world has just landed in New York," says the New York Herald. Reading this and feeling hurt that she should leave Richmond without telling us good-bye, we called up her house and found that she was still in town. Somebody imposed on the world.

"The young man who was flitted thinks all the trouble in the world wears petticoats," says the New York American. Then his trouble is not a woman.

"Wilson will never be a Cleveland," says the Baltimore American. Cleveland, it will be remembered, split his party.

Room is comfort, but all the same the best kind of summer hammock is the one not quite big enough for two.

But if Carballo is only a stop-gap for Carranza, how is he going to accumulate enough money to join Huerta and Diaz in Europe?

If Cole Bleese is elected to the Senate, the rest of the country would be justified in seceding from South Carolina.

The Interstate Commerce Commission wouldn't even butter that half-loaf with kind words.

Huerta has sailed for Jamaica. Instead of Paris, he selected the source of the supply.

What Hamlet really meant was that there is more in heaven and earth than is dreamed of in the uplifter's philosophy.

Folks are funny. Having resigned so that he could talk freely, George Fred keeps as mum as Brother Amos after being rebuked by T. R.

WAYSIDE CHATS WITH OLD VIRGINIA EDITORS

As we read it, the Lynchburg Advance thinks King George is trying to be England's Woodrow Wilson. "Now the King is preparing to use his influence and to show that his influence can be used in other directions than that in which social distinctions have part," it says, and then tells what George has done. Nevertheless, we wager he will never control Parliament as Woodrow controls Congress. For one reason, there's Queen Mary.

"No wonder Carballo is anxious to abdicate," says the Newport News Times-Herald, noting the fact that Huerta has taken the treasury with him. And no wonder he wants to conciliate the Constitutionalists. Without money even a Mexican Provisional President cannot go to Europe.

"Too many of us are prone to boast that our schools are the best in the world and dismiss the subject with no further thought," says the James River Clarion. And too many of us are prone to resent it when their attention is called to the fact that the schools in Virginia are not equal to those in other States. In this matter, as in all others, there are people who think to make everything all right by hiding their heads in the sand.

"It was a wonderful week," says the Emporia Messenger of the Chautauqua week in that town. The same report comes from everywhere. There should be a Chautauqua week every year in every town of any size in Virginia.

The Northern Neck News is disgusted with a stranger who boasted that he understood women. "Thoroughly understand women! Suffering Moses!" it ejaculates. It is right. No man understands women. How can they when the women do not understand themselves? How can a man tell what a woman is going to do next if she doesn't know?

"Why not Tucker?" asks the Buchanan News, speaking of the vacancy on the bench of the Supreme Court. Why not? as the News points out, he has "the ability and the confidence of the people." Moreover, the place should go to Virginia.

The Fincastle Herald sees little chance for Colonel Roosevelt. "Ex-President Roosevelt has gone directly and emphatically into politics," it says, "and expresses himself as very much displeased with the present Democratic administration. The Colonel wants to be President again, and the only way to get there is by breaking through the Democratic rank." Nevertheless, if President Wilson's prediction that good times are ahead should be realized, Teddy will be turned down flat, and Mr. Wilson will wear the golden slippers again. The good times are coming. If conditions continue to improve at the present rate, the Democrats will win at the polls in November. After that it will be nothing to it but Wilson.

The Eastern Shore Herald approves of vocational education. Remarking on the presence in Richmond of an expert from Washington, it says: "Boys and girls cannot be made like a brick. In a brickyard all bricks are made alike and from the same mold; our public school system endeavors to treat the boys and girls in the same way." It is not quite so bad as that, but there undoubtedly is too much sameness. It is impossible to prevent this entirely, for to do so would require one teacher for each pupil, and that teacher selected with much care and without regard to expense, but training for life's work along with training of the mind will help considerably. Moreover, it will make a more useful citizen of the child.

THE PUBLIC PULSE

Editorial Expressions From Leading Newspapers

Get a Reputation.
Leaving out of the question altogether the propriety of Mr. Bryan's lecture engagements, it might be suggested to various members of Congress who are disposed to be facetious that it be successful on the Chautauqua circuit a man must have some claim to public attention. If more Congressmen were in this class, perhaps there would be fewer legislative gibes at the expense of the Secretary of State.—New York World.

A Tip to Farmers.
A Kansas farmer has solved to his entire satisfaction the question of whether it pays to raise beef cattle on high-priced farming land. He recently raised a pair of calves, one of the yearlings steers in Kansas City at \$3.55, or more than \$50 a head. He raised most of the feed on his own farm, and realized a handsome profit, because, no doubt, he used intelligent methods. If farmers generally would follow his example, it would mean an appreciable relief from the beef shortage. Prices would probably be lowered to some extent, but there would still be a good margin of profit for the producer.—Washington Herald.

The Rate Decision.
While the long-expected decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission in the application of the railroads for a 5 per cent increase in rates is not in our hands, the wisest mind could have been made under all the circumstances, it is not so unfavorable on the whole, as there seemed reason at one time to fear it might be. The decision, as outlined in the Sun yesterday, is of this kind, namely, a compromise, but even if it is not revised in certain particulars, as it is to be hoped it may be, it promises a considerable measure of relief both to the railroads and indirectly to the business situation.—Baltimore Sun.

Mr. Bryan's Cup.
Just when the cackling over Mr. Bryan's announcement of his sympathy for the cause of woman's suffrage had reached the point where it was being ended as saying the ground-work for a movement to secure the Democratic nomination for himself in 1916, the Secretary of State remarks, anent the ambitions of Colonel Roosevelt, that "The ex-President may add to the galaxy of the campaign, but he will not weaken President Wilson's strength with the masses."

Thus falls another of the insinuations that, in a constant stream, are sent forth in the air in the vain hope of poisoning the reputation of the Commander with the people. It was not fitting that Mr. Bryan should announce Mr. Wilson's candidacy for a nomination for a second term, but the expression hints strongly at his belief in and approval of the fact.

For that matter, the year 1920 will be only twenty-four years after the year 1896 when Mr. Bryan started out as the "Boy Candidate." Since everybody knows that Mr. Wilson never wishes a "third cup," might not stranger things happen than that Mr. Bryan, still in the plenitude of his powers, might in that year groom himself for a fourth effort to attain a great ambition?—Columbia State.

The Statue.
(For The Times-Dispatch.)
A mass of clay
I shaped one day
Into a statue surpassingly fair.

That form divine—
That work of mine—
I worshipped as only heathen would dare.

The statue fell—
Such many a tell—
When they lay the heart confidently bare.

THE COLONEL'S AMBITIONS.
The Colonel seems to be bent on breaking George Perkins and the Solid South.—Florida Times-Union.

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

Boys' Club to Open.
To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:
Sir,—On Monday, July 20, the Boys' Club of Richmond will occupy rooms temporarily at 715 East Franklin Street. All white newbies and messenger boys between eight and sixteen years of age may become members. The main object is to provide a place where boys can find something to do in the way of plays, athletics, reading, etc. All boys' clubs attract boys from the streets by their play facilities. But it is more than this; boys' clubs aim to improve the boy, and this is real constructive work, unlike playgrounds, swimming pools and church clubs. Unless the boy of the street learns something helpful, the club would be but a mere gathering place for boys, with nothing to stimulate them to an effort to become more manly, to save their pennies and to strive for something not found among the gang that haunts the street in an effort to give vent to their surcharged and restless natures.

Louis C. Farham will look after the boys, both in the rooms and on the streets. He will have the assistance of several men and women, who are interested in the movement. This is a non-sectarian club, but all through the club the boys receive just the advice, care and instruction which will make him a better man mentally and morally. Mr. Farham invites the co-operation of any man or woman in the city who desires to aid in making good citizens of the boys of the street. Money is needed, and also assistance in entertaining the boys in the club rooms. A good reader or story-teller would have a field for their talents that would be a pleasure to both the boys and themselves.

LOUIS C. FARHAM.
Richmond, July 21, 1914.

Flirting With Political Death.
To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:
Sir,—Thomas Jones is opposed as a member of the Federal Reserve Board because he is a director of the so-called harvester trust, which is being sued by the United States. The suit is brought on account of alleged actions committed in 1902. Mr. Jones became a director in 1909, and it is a little difficult to find out what he did since that time. Why, then, opposition to Jones, except that Jones was named by President Wilson and two so-called Democratic Senators, who are Republicans, like to gain advertisement by opposing the President? They are more likely to gain a political coffin.

WASHINGTON, JULY 20, 1914. COLUMBIA.

An Unconverted Anti.
To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:
Sir,—Mr. Bryan is a suffragist. I am sure that I do not begrudge the ladies all the comfort they can find in that, but this is just one more for him, especially in face of the frenzied attempts to discredit him, but I am not for all he is for. There are many like me.

RICHMOND, JULY 21, 1914. THE SAME ANTI.

Compulsory Education.
To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:
Sir,—I am with you in your fight for compulsory education for Richmond. We need it, and we need it more than many things that are being "wished" on us. I am sure that if we had something material to show for everything they do or is done, I would rather have 500 children educated than a municipal building.

RICHMOND, JULY 21, 1914. T. P. R.

WHAT WAS NEWS FIFTY YEARS AGO

From the Richmond Dispatch July 22, 1864.

Yesterday, like the day before, was exceedingly dull and quiet. With the exception of the vague report, which we could trace to no authentic source, that a sharp fight took place on the lines in front of Petersburg on Tuesday evening, we heard of nothing that was of a serious nature during the day. A rumor during the day of a period of quiet in the midst of a campaign which began with so much vigor and excitement, constitutes an anomaly in the history of warfare, but it may be that the day precedes the storm, and ere many days elapse the steadily increasing conflict may break the monotony which now prevails.

An official dispatch received at the War Department yesterday from the Valley of Virginia states that a large force of Federals crossed the Shenandoah River at Snicker's Ferry on July 18. At that point the Confederates were attacked and driven across the river in confusion. Snicker's Ferry is in Frederick County, 156 miles from Richmond.

A letter to the Dispatch from one of Mosby's gallant troopers says the "raid" into Maryland was a great profit; that 7,000 horses were safely brought off by the cavalry, while 2,000 more were appropriated for artillery and transportation purposes, besides a large number of fat cattle and an immense amount of spoils of every description. From another source it is learned that the accounts of the captured stock was being driven down the Valley.

The only official report from Atlanta yesterday said: "Reynolds's Brigade attacked the enemy's line of skirmishers last evening at Peach Tree Creek, and took possession of their trenches. He then charged the reserve pickets, supported by Dillworth's Brigade, and captured 150 prisoners. The Eightieth Illinois Regiment lost in killed and wounded 100 men, while the loss of the Fifth Ohio was very severe."

Some erratic individual accounts for the apparent inactivity of General Grant before Petersburg by saying that he is industriously pushing forward a grand plot for undermining the Cockade City, which is to be blown up by a tremendous blast from the infernal regions—a scheme, it will be admitted, to which the famous gunpowder plot of Guy Fawkes, bears no resemblance.

The Petersburg Express briefly alludes to reports that Grant is trying to undermine and blow up the city, and says they occasion no sort of uneasiness in the city. Grant's position is not a favorable one for successful operations with this kind of warfare. The effort would be but a waste of time and labor. We consider the idea altogether too absurd for serious consideration.

Ex-Governor Ford, of Ohio; Senator Sprague, of Rhode Island, and Senator Wilkinson, of Minnesota, were on a visit to General Meade's headquarters in front of Petersburg two weeks ago. General Meade was very kind and gave them a big dinner, but just before the table was set some vicious Confederate shells fell in dangerous proximity, and the able statesmen, hungry though they were, beat a hasty retreat to City Square. It is presumed, they took ship for Washington or Fortress Monroe.

THE BRIGHT SIDE

Two Phases of Feminism.
With arms and shoulders gleaming white,
With bust and back in gleaming sight,
With all that clinging "lines" suggest—
She's fully "dressed."

In big kimono wrapped about
With that old-fashioned scarce poeas out—
More than her face (to her own jest)—
She's "all undressed."

—Frederick Moxon, in Judge.

Cause Some Discomfort.
Chaffeur—For an auto, beg your pardon, sir, but would you mind backing the car up a little?

Owner—What's the matter?
Chaffeur—My face is caught in the works.—Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.

QUERIES AND ANSWERS

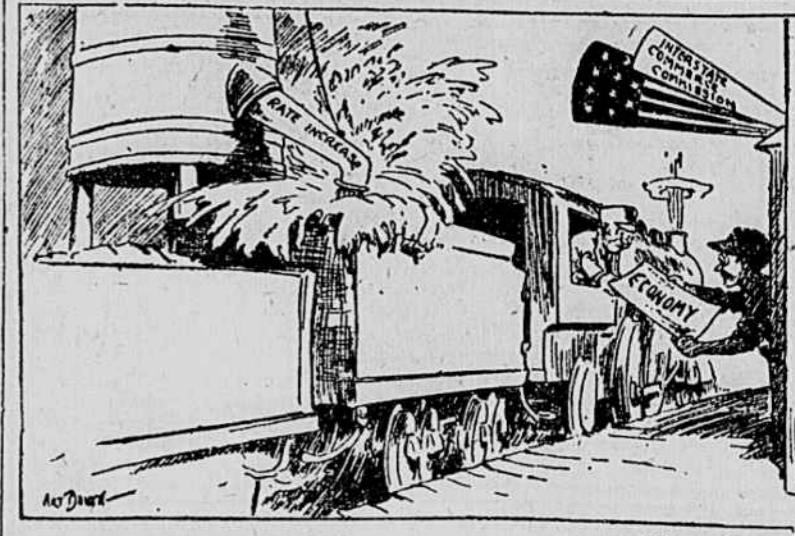
At the Table.
Does the host serve the hostess first or the guest?
There is no rigid form at tables where the host does anything. If there are not waiters and servants, attendants enough, the practice is very varied. In the case you suggest, it is usual and proper for the host to offer to serve the hostess first. Community, of course, his wife first. She, on her part, generally comes duty to perform, and suggests that he delay serving her till later.

MRS. D. E. J.
There is no rigid form at tables where the host does anything. If there are not waiters and servants, attendants enough, the practice is very varied. In the case you suggest, it is usual and proper for the host to offer to serve the hostess first. Community, of course, his wife first. She, on her part, generally comes duty to perform, and suggests that he delay serving her till later.

THE COLONEL'S AMBITIONS.
The Colonel seems to be bent on breaking George Perkins and the Solid South.—Florida Times-Union.

All Aboard for a Record Run

ONE OF THE DAY'S BEST CARTOONS.



—Chicago Herald.

Dr. Brady's Health Talks

IMAGINITIS OF THE KIDNEYS.

A dear old practical nurse who had been attending mysterious herb tea for various "complaints" for several years before we dawned upon her horizon, had considerable "stomach trouble," which she learned to call by the fashionable name, gastritis. Gastrum is Latin for stomach.

One day she became suddenly ill while nursing a pneumonia case in the country. On reaching the house we found her groaning on a couch. We offered her sympathy and any professional aid she might desire. We were rather young. She said she doubted we could help her much; that it was gastritis of the lungs; however, she would try a little "herb tea" and laudanum if we had any with us. We had none, of course. So she announced that there was nothing else we could do.

Unidentified Symptoms Are Treacherous.
The old nurse's attack proved to be due to acute uremia, which resulted from chronic Bright's disease.

Her stomach symptoms misled her, you see, and she had been guessing about symptoms for thirty years. If a "born healer" with all sorts of secrets about "roots and herbs" stored under her bonnet couldn't guess any better than that, what sort of a guess can the ordinary patient make about his or her own ailments? Symptoms are the most misleading signs in the book. Doctors are sometimes fooled by symptoms. The patient is not carefully examined for more trustworthy evidence in the shape of physical signs.

The Foolishness of Long Distance Treatment.
If doctors relied solely on the patient's statement that there is a pain here or a sore place there, the diagnosis would generally be as sensible as "gastritis of the lungs." Even with the aid of a so-called "symptom blank" the long distance diagnosis and the treatment-by-mail is the greatest hoax imaginable. A sick doctor does not treat himself, for the reason that he cannot properly examine himself or interpret his own symptoms. Then how ridiculous it is for the patient to attempt the feat by his own doctor, with or without the help of a far-off "specialist."

Symptoms are interesting things; sometimes they suggest to the trained mind of the physician what to look for in a given case. But for any one to venture a guess as to the character of the trouble in the absence of physical signs is the very extreme of folly. It is estimated that there are about 2,000,000 red-blooded Americans at the present moment taking somebody's sure cure for imaginitis of the kidneys.

Questions and Answers.
T. R. A. asks: Would there be any danger in visiting one who is very low with consumption?
Reply: Under ordinary cleanly circumstances, no. The germ of disease is present in the air, unless the patient coughs without holding a cloth before the mouth. However, the visitor should not visit the patient.

Mrs. E. S. writes: If a woman has a colic of twenty years' standing, how much will the operation benefit her heart? Her pulse is always above 100, sometimes runs up to 200 a minute. She is extremely nervous. She received a terrible nervous shock when she was eight years old, but the colic started after the birth of her second child.
Reply: If it is exophthalmic colic, as the pulse-rate and nervousness would imply, the operation may greatly benefit her heart and her general health. If it is simple colic, and the other symptoms arise from unrelated causes, then the operation will have no effect upon the heart.

T. M. says: Some of my friends think I haven't enough blood. Does wine harm the complexion? Does wine make me thin? Does wine enrich the blood?

Reply: Your friends are not reliable medical advisers, better see your doctor. Wine tends to make a coarse, florid complexion and water, it shows white, sells showing at the nose and cheeks. Wine probably doesn't make you thin. Wine certainly does not enrich the blood, but impoverishes it. A glass of white or orange contains more blood-building material than any alcoholic liquid.

Gurness writes: Please tell me the cause of gas in the stomach, bloating after meals, and chronic constipation.
Reply: It might be any one of a score of different things. If I could answer such a question intelligently by mail there would be no need of family doctors at all. The first dispensal in your case is a personal examination by your own physician.

Reply: Scabies begins usually between the fingers, on the front of the wrists, and wherever else we are shy about our face (to her own jest)—More than her face (to her own jest)—She's "all undressed."

Why It Hurt.
The most ghastly superstition has often its base in a ludicrous fact. It is like the case of Jones.

"Jones," said a man, "tells me that his wooden leg gave him great pain last night."

"Nonsense!" was the reply. "How could a wooden leg pain him?"

"His wife," explained the man, "told him over the head with it."—Stray Stories

Such Is Life.
Just about the time a man saves up something for a rainy day, he gets a toothache and has to give it all to a dentist.—Birmingham Age-Herald.